

CONFIDENTIAL

Journal - Office of Legislative Counsel
Wednesday - 4 August 1971

Page 3

25X1 7. [] Wayne Birdsell, of Ward & Paul reporting firm, called and said a Defense Department representative had suggested to him that the Agency would probably be interested in buying a copy of testimony given by Michael J. Uhl and J. Kenneth Osborn before Representative Moorhead's Foreign Operations and Government Information Subcommittee on Monday, 2 August. The subject of the hearings was "Currency Exchange in Southeast Asia," but according to Birdsell, Uhl and Osborn talked at great length about the use of torture, murder, and various interrogation techniques in Southeast Asia. I thanked Birdsell for calling us on this and told him I would let him know.

25X1 8. [] Mr. Pforzheimer advised of a call he had received from Keith Morgan, on the staff of Representative W.C. "Dan" Daniel (D., Va.), who had been referred to Pforzheimer by Russ Blandford, Chief Counsel, House Armed Services Committee. Morgan wanted some assistance concerning certain documentation pertaining to the Russian-Finnish War. Mr. Pforzheimer gave him some suggestions as to sources of information on the subject and Morgan expressed appreciation for the assistance.

25X1 9. [] Left with Richard Perle, Senate Subcommittee on National Security and International Operations staff, several newspaper articles on Victor Louis. They consisted of the following:

a. "The man who sent Khrushchev's memoirs West" by Peter Worthington, dated 6 December 1970, from the Baltimore Sun.

b. "Would You Buy a Used Manuscript From This Man?" by Herbert Gold, dated 31 January 1971, from the New York Times Magazine.

c. "News-breaks, escapades, and an aura of mystery" by Charlotte Saikowski, dated 29 July 1971, from the Christian Science Monitor.

d. "Around the World" dated 30 July 1971, from the Washington Post.

e. "Kremlin's Victor Louis Finds Prestige Has its Drawbacks" by Harry Trimborn, dated 30 July 1971, from the Los Angeles Times.

CONFIDENTIAL

30 JUL 1971

'I WANT SOME PRIVACY'

Kremlin's Victor Louis Finds Prestige Has Its Drawbacks

BY HARRY TRIMBORN

Times Staff Writer

MOSCOW—Victor Louis wishes people would stop making such a fuss over him just because he has a reputation as a Kremlin mystery man and troubleshooter for missions too delicate for ordinary diplomats.

It's robbing him of his privacy, he complains. As he put it in an interview Thursday:

"When I invite people to my house—which I do all the time—I am now frightened that they will count the silver spoons and turn it into another story.

"If I offer someone a French cigarette or a Coke, that's already another story, saying Victor Louis is the only Russian with French cigarettes and Coca Cola.

"It's disgusting. I can't make a critical remark. I can't make any suggestions. I can't make any statement without it becoming some sort of an international issue."

And now, he complains, there is all this speculation over his planned visit to the United States. The U.S. Embassy here has granted him a visa for a 30-day trip to begin "on or about Aug. 1." The visa limits his stay to an area within 25 miles of New York City, a restriction that infuriates Louis.

He indicated he may not make the trip until the fuss dies down.

"I will tell you definitely, I wouldn't bother to go at all. I don't like being hunted down. I don't want to be turned into a kind of freak show in the United States. I want some privacy."

Louis insisted the trip would be for "private reasons," but he wouldn't say what they were. He emphasized, however: "I do object to the idea that I am supposed to go there on any official mission."

He avoided giving a straight yes or no answer on whether he would go.

The only thing about the trip he is certain of at this time, he insisted, is that a

report about it from Washington last Sunday was incorrect. It stated that Louis was already in the United States.

"But I am not surprised about the report," he said. "I am also supposed to be in Australia at this time."

The 37-year-old Russian (his real name is Vitaly Yevgenyevich [?]) with the pink, boyishly handsome face framed by gold-rimmed glasses was at home at his mansion 15 miles from Moscow, preparing to take a dip in his swimming pool.

A Rich Life-Style

For a man who is insisting on his privacy, Louis enjoys a life-style that hardly invites anonymity, especially in the Soviet Union.

"His home is like no other in the country, with enough gadgets and creature comforts from around the world to satisfy the most materialistic-minded capitalist of the West.

He himself is a standout wherever he goes, even in the fashionable world of the Moscow cocktail mills, dressed in clothes of expensive material, excellent tailoring and latest fashion.

He attributes his plush existence in various degree to his wealthy, British-born wife, Jennifer, and his own hard work as a correspondent for the London Evening News.

It is not so much Louis' life-style that Westerners here find intriguing. The mystery surrounding Louis is based on what he does, where he goes and for whom he is actually working. Some believe it

is the KGB (secret police) or Soviet intelligence agencies.

For instance, when he suddenly showed up in Israel earlier this month, he claimed the six-day visit was made to receive medical treatment "for my plumbago."

Nobody, of course believed that. The real reason for the visit was, according to speculation, to test the ground for re-establishment of Soviet-Israeli diplomatic relations, which had been broken following the 1967 six-day war.

The Israelis heatedly denied such reports, while the Russians, as usual, didn't say a word.

Now comes Louis' planned trip to the United States, where he reportedly will meet with an old business associate, Lucy Jarvis, a producer for NBC News.

About four years ago, Louis reportedly had been a go-between in supplying Miss Jarvis with interview film clips of deposed Premier Nikita S. Khrushchev. The clips reportedly were made after Khrushchev had been deposed and was then, as now, living as a "nonperson."

Louis also was involved in two other major developments relating to Khrushchev. Through a story filed with his newspaper in London, Louis was the first to reveal Khrushchev's ouster in 1964.

More recently he reportedly had a hand in providing Time, Inc.,

with material used in publication of the controversial memoirs of the former premier, "Khrushchev Remembers."

Shopping Spree

While in the United States—if and when he goes—Louis said he intends to visit friends and undertake a shopping spree to satisfy his desire for American gadgetry.

If Louis planned to go to the United States to make another deal with Miss Jarvis, or anybody else, he could probably just as well have done it—with far less publicity—in some other foreign city, such as Copenhagen, where he reportedly engaged in negotiations on the questionable Khrushchev memoirs.

If nothing else, it would cool his anger at the State Department for limiting his trip to the New York area. He indicated that the restriction was a manifestation of hypocrisy by the U.S. government. He said:

"You always claim you are better than the Russians and say there are no restrictions on Soviet tourists in the United States. But this is not so. When I was last in the United States (about two years ago), I wanted to call the State Department and inform them all about my movements, since they seemed so eager to know about what I was up to.

"Unfortunately, they did not accept collect calls.

U.S. Not Heaven

"I have nothing against America or Americans, you understand," he said, and added with a touch of sarcasm:

"People do believe it is a kind of paradise. You are a nice people and a nice country, but you are not heaven."

He said that under the 25-mile restriction, "I could get arrested if someone takes me to a restaurant 26 miles away."

Louis noted he would not be traveling on a Soviet diplomatic passport but one issued to Soviet citizens who have relatives living abroad. In his case, his passport, which lists his occupation as journalist, is based on the fact that his wife has relatives in Britain.

Louis said the U.S. Embassy here had sought to get a list of names of persons he wished to see in the United States as part of the information required for the visa application. He said he refused because he considered such a request, and similar information, "humiliating."

Rules Defended

The U.S. Embassy here insisted that the restrictions placed on Louis were based on the principle of reciprocity. Said an embassy spokesman:

"The restrictions he has on his travels, based on the information he has supplied us, are no more than those imposed on American citizens visiting the Soviet Union. If he were a British citizen he would be free to travel anywhere in the United States, just as Americans are free to travel anywhere in Britain."

Louis ended the interview with a comment that would probably not be made anywhere else in the Soviet Union:

"Well, I am going to have a dip in my 'American' pool now."

30 JUL 1971

Around the World

• Victor Louts, the Soviet journalist believed to be associated with Soviet intelligence organizations, has received a visa to visit the United States but has not arrived. It was erroneously reported in The Washington Post Sunday that he had arrived.

News-breaks, escapades, and an aura of mystery

By Charlotte Saikowski
Staff correspondent of
The Christian Science Monitor

Moscow

What next for Victor Louis?

Soon the mysterious, gallivanting Soviet journalist is expected to surface in the United States. He has been granted a 30-day visa as of Aug. 1 which permits him to visit the city of New York.

His official business is to see someone at NBC. What that all means is anyone's guess here but, in view of Mr. Louis's notoriety, the temptation is to wonder bemusedly whether he intends to merchandise a Soviet literary manuscript, purvey some film, or carry out a sensitive political task for the Kremlin.

Mr. Louis himself characteristically refuses to divulge his plans. Asked by phone whether he was actually going to America (it would be his third visit), he replied, "Well, I have a visa."

Then, in a polite, verbose conversation that never seemed to come to grips with anything, he said he had visas to many places and went on to complain of problems in getting a U.S. visa and, if I understood him correctly, a visa to Mexico.

Visit to Israel

Who is this controversial Soviet globe-trotter?

A bespectacled man who is Moscow correspondent of the London Evening News, Victor Louis over the years has bounced around the world on a number of missions that have earned him such sobriquets as "KGB agent," "Soviet operative," "Kremlin troubleshooter," and "special Soviet emissary." Whatever the truth of his connections, it is hardly possible he could operate as he does without some special relationship with the Soviet authorities.

Most recently, after a flurry of reports about alleged Israeli-Soviet meetings in Finland and elsewhere, Mr. Louis showed up in Israel. This touched off speculation that the Russians were putting out feelers of sorts on the restoration of diplomatic relations between Moscow and Tel Aviv.

Mr. Louis insisted he went to Israel for a physical checkup and saw some friends. He met there with a political adviser of Prime Minister Golda Meir, however, and this naturally set people to talking.

Whatever the real motive of that visit, Mr. Louis has chalked up some most unusual assignments.



UPI Photo

Victor Louis

Khrushchev news broken

In the fall of 1963 he turned up in Taiwan—the first Soviet citizen to do so in 19 years, as he himself boasted. During his five-day visit he met with Defense Minister Chiang Ching-kuo, President Chiang Kai-shek's elder son, as well as with high Nationalist officials. In a subsequent article for the Washington Post, he hinted at the possibility of the establishment of diplomatic ties between Taiwan and the Soviet Union.

Among other journalistic coups and escapades, Mr. Louis in 1964 first broke the news of Premier Nikita S. Khrushchev's fall from power. Two years later he showed up in London with Valery Tarsis, the underground writer whom Soviet authorities had declared to be insane and allowed to fly to the West. Mr. Louis described himself then as "a sort of public-relations officer for Mr. Tarsis" and later referred to him as a "third-rate writer."

Bogus interview?

When Stalin's daughter, Svetlana Alliluyeva, defected to the West, Mr. Louis reportedly tried to undercut the publication of her book by peddling another version of her manuscript as well as embarrassing photographs of her. At another point of his colorful career, he published a report of an interview with Nobel Prize-winner Alexander Solzhenitsyn, which the Soviet writer later denied having given.

Once he created a stir abroad by hinting in an article in the Evening News that the Soviet Union might attack China's nuclear

test site in Sinkiang Province. And not long ago his name was linked with the publication abroad of "Khrushchev Remembers," some reports suggesting that Mr. Louis had sold the manuscript abroad for the KGB in order to pick up hard currency for the Russians.

Westerners who hobnob with him personally describe him variously as "intelligent," "devious," "charming," "suave," and "evasive." Mr. Louis himself has denied any connections with the Soviet secret police, insisting that he is a Soviet journalist working for a foreign newspaper. "Why don't people believe me?" he was once quoted as asking.

His luxurious living style is one reason.

Prison sentence

Besides a modern apartment in Moscow, Mr. Louis has a big country dacha near the village of Peredelkino replete with tennis court, swimming pool, and foreign cars. There he and his English wife play host to a varied collection of Western journalists, foreign writers, and high Soviet officials.

Life was not always so generous to the extraordinary newsman, who was born in 1922 with the name of Vitaly Yevgenyevich Lui (his grandfather reportedly was a Frenchman and this accounts for his French name).

While a university student during the Stalin years, he got a job at the Brazilian Embassy in Moscow. Soon afterward he was arrested and sentenced to 25 years in a labor camp, by some accounts for alleged espionage. He served almost 10 years of his sentence and, in 1956, when de-Stalinization was under way, he was released.

Two years later he married Jennie Stratham, nanny to the children of a British naval attaché in Moscow. Mrs. Louis who writes for the Times educational supplement and produces the only regularly published telephone directory for foreigners in Moscow, adds another extraordinary note to the Victor Louis saga.

31 JANUARY 1971

Would You Buy A Used Manuscript From This Man?

By HERBERT GOLD

WH^O is this smiling Soviet international traveler, Victor Louis, who seems to be in charge, among so many other responsibilities, of transporting forged and dubious literary documents, embarrassing photographs, curious variations of repressed texts by famous writers, advance copies suspected of being arranged by the C.I.A. or the K.G.B. (or by both, according to some would-be paranoids), and in one case at least, even played nurse and companion to a shrill novelist, Valeri Tarsis, whom the Soviet Government judged crazy enough to be harmless and therefore fit to be deposited in the eager hands of English and American literati?

That's kind of long and grammatically soggy for a rhetorical question, but who is he?

I've been a Victor Louis watcher for many years. More than anyone else, he made connection between the hysterical and brooding double, triple, quadruple agents of Dostoyevsky's fantastic imagination and Moscow, circa 1970. He turned up in Moscow to help me around, and then again he turned up in San Francisco, maybe only in answer to my prayers. He is always doing something. I wonder if even Victor himself fully understands what he is doing.

Most recently, our friend—Victor E. Louis, according to his card; Vitali Lui, according to other sources—arranged the international sale of those confused notes called the Khrushchev memoirs. He seems to make contact with a large number of the literary and journalistic visitors to Moscow and keeps so busy all over the world that it sometimes seems there must be many Victor Louises (pl.), all smiley and nervous and rich and giggly and eager and knowing, stamped out on an assembly line somewhere in Saltinegorsk. A famous East German Communist, chatting with an American visitor recently, became morose, somber, earnest and advice-giving at

the idea of looking up Victor Louis in Moscow: "Don't see him. Don't! See the museums. See the indoor-outdoor swimming pool. Stay away from that man."

Good schoolboys in literature know that there were three Karamazov brothers—Alyosha, representing Russian spirituality and guilt; Ivan, representing Russian intellect and guilt, and Dmitri, representing Russian sensuality and guilt. The really good schoolboys also remember the fourth Karamazov brother, Smerdyakov, whose name sounds like wormy death; he was an illegitimate half-brother, sired in abominable union by their wicked old man, not really part of a good plan; he lived in damp outplaces; he suffered mysterious ills; he had no avowed rank in the family, and as the tragedy unrolls it becomes clear that he is truly guilty of obscure murders and, in general, the carrying out of forbidden wills and whims.

Hi there, Victor Louis (and what's your real name?).

Let's leave Dostoyevsky's crazed imagination and talk about the cordial feller I was told to meet in Moscow four years ago—because he was so juicy and fun-loving and good contacts and helpful and everybody knows old Victor. If you're a writer, you really don't have to look him up; somehow he finds you. "He knows everything. He can help," my friend said. Other people told me to look up different experts, but many of them were hard to find, afraid, unwilling to meet another foreigner, abstracted by fear or rules; if they made appointments with me, it was on the steps of the Godless Museum or in the park. Not Victor. Not our man Victor Louis. He practically hopped into my arms with squeaks of delight. He was my true pal. We walked through hotel lobbies, into limousines and to happy celebrations at his house, for all the world like the official greeter for, say, the city of La Jolla, paying attention to the P.R. man from The Senior Citizens Review.

"That's very nice of you."

"Hey, my English is pretty colloquial American, isn't it? Isn't it? Isn't it?"

But despite his general duties as an all-purpose literary greeter, Victor's international ham-and-eggs business now seems focused on one curious traditional Russian activity—the use of literature as a means to create history and continue the struggle. The moral employment of art is a Russian habit, as in the conscious effort of Dostoyevsky's scenarios, Tolstoy's fables and works, with such crystalline titles as "How Should a Man Live?" There is also a dark tradition, as in the famous forgery "The Protocols of the Elders of Zion." Victor Louis broke the story of Khrushchev's ouster, tipping off favored Western correspondents in advance of any public convulsion—that was hard news. He published a report of an interview with the Nobel Prize winner, Solzhenitsyn, which Solzhenitsyn says never took place. That is softer news. And he attempted to undercut the famous Svetlana documents by carrying abroad an "official version," including variant sections of her journals, papers locked in her desk drawers, reports of conversations with her former husbands and even an interview with Svetlana's long-dead aunt. Together with this experiment in spiritism, he peddled snapshots the lady found embarrassing. And to make the whole thing more earthy, there were hints of pornographic revelations in the offing. Solzhenitsyn applied the words "dirty trick" to Victor's attempt to get him in trouble with the K.G.B. The famous daughter used even stronger language. (Fraud, thievery, blackmail.)

Now it seems almost as enlightening to inquire why Victor Louis carried the alleged Khrushchev memoirs abroad as it is actually to read these familiar tales told on the playground after school. Were they released to provide a weapon for attack on the liberals in the Kremlin? To support the liberals? To muddy the waters about Stalin once again? Or simply to have money, heigh ho!—Arthur Hugh Clough, 1810-1861) for the—well, the fortunes

for the American rights alone, must have given Victor a few great moments.

The notion that Victor Louis is one of the last of the oldtime operators gains good support from the facts. He translated "My Fair Lady" into Russian and collects its royalties. He imports American movies. He writes travel articles for the international press, and even has a contract with The London Evening News, not one of the great newspapers, in fact a rather zilchy one, but a useful credential. Together with his English wife, Jennifer, he produced and sold at one time, with marvey Western enterprise, the only semi-operating telephone directory for foreigners in Moscow. He had a monopoly on the number you wanted. He begged me for help in getting travel-article assignments. "How about Holiday? How about Venture?" he asked. "How about The Chronicle of San Francisco?"

HE is one busy man. With his glasses like Fruit Cola bottles, his plump and pink face, his nervous twitch, he works harder than he should to qualify for the All-Russian Indoor Sitting Suave Contest. Urbanity is one of his hobbies. He tells everyone the story of his imprisonment in an earlier, more difficult time. For what? He implies politics. Others in Moscow suggest that he was a police agent in a Stalin labor camp. He talks freely, but doesn't tell.

When I asked him about Iosip Brodsky, the brilliant Leningrad poet who had recently been tried and convicted of "parasitism"—he was banned from the Writers Union and therefore officially could not set up as a poet—Victor said, "Who's he?" And then answered his own question: "A fool." Brodsky insisted on writing his own way, living his own life. Naturally he needed some forced labor.

Later, when Sinyavsky and Daniel were also condemned for sending their writings abroad, after a trial which shamed the Soviet Union even unto the ranks of the superloyal French and Italian Communist parties, Victor is credited with a lovely counterplot. The novelist Tarsis, judged an insane dissenter, committed to a sanitarium, would be shipped to the West as a proof that, look, we're happy to get rid of these malcontents. "See? We don't keep people. They want out? See, he's out." Who rode nanny alongside Tarsis when he arrived in London? Victor Louis, smiling and explaining. You he required the following

see, he wants to go—good! goodbye! But Pasternak and Solzhenitsyn are bad boys with their Nobel awards, and Brodsky, Akhmatova, Sinyavsky, Daniel, Aleksandr Ginsburg—ah, so complicated, those are other stories. They are foolish poets and thinkers, unlike middleman Victor, your friendly guide to Moscow. ("Psychotic, a third-rate writer," he said about his close friend Valeri Tarsis, author of "Ward Seven.")

I was a guest in Victor's apartment in Moscow. He was good fun. He showed me banned books and ikons (he collects and sells them) and sculpture and forbidden paintings. It was a delightful evening with Marshal Zhukov's beautiful daughter, a broadcaster, and other privileged luminaries of the Moscow media aristocracy. Imported cheese, vodka, cigars, cold meats and a private look at the master's den. He likes to show off his visas, souvenirs, letters from foreign friends, various toys. Aw, he can't be a secret policeman. He's too nice. Would a secret policeman, with so many giggles and smirks and nervous twitches, ask if maybe Holiday would like a personal story about the Hermitage in Leningrad? Or My Summer Vacation in Siberia?

That's not a wicked K.G.B. agent. That's not an evil conspirer. That's a modern, updated, contemporary Super-smierdyakov, rolling a spitball to send the tourists with Polaroids flushing in to photograph the largest indoor-outdoor swimming pool in the world; between police missions, that is. When he's not patrolling the Chinese border with tendency in hand. Or getting drunk with the man from Time, Inc. Or offering fresh ikons for sale, good price, guaranteed Russian Orthodox first quality.

A FEW years ago, in San Francisco, Victor Louis (for it was indeed he) turned up with a tourist's passport, unescorted by the chuck-faced chaperons who usually ride herd on Soviet delegates. He was, in fact, a visitor, not a delegate to anything—a Soviet first! Just a travelin' man. He had been passed from an N.B.C. executive in New York to a local business executive to a bachelor lawyer, who found himself in charge of providing the charming Russian with provincial entertainment. Victor was writing a guide to America, it

three bundles of experience, and quickly, quickly:

- To enjoy transcultural sexual congress with a Jewish whore on silk sheets.
- To meet some San Francisco gangster, Mafia, Cosa Nostra or racketeer chieftains.
- Information about the American banking system. ("Peculiar books for a guy looking to get laid," said one of his guides. "The History of American Banking." Stuff like that.")

Genie, genie, O grant me my dreams!

His activities during his brief sojourn in San Francisco partake of high rogulshness, at least. A secretary with whom he consoled himself while awaiting Experience No. 1 says: "He told me he was a double agent, loyal to both sides, and both know he's loyal to both. I know that sounds confusing. He says he's too important to get in trouble." The businessman says Victor put \$65,000 in cash in his safe, and then took it out again before he left. Why? No explanation. (He may have heard that San Francisco is an expensive town for tourists.) He asked the lawyer to help him form a syndicate to invest in land in Algeria. He controlled some real estate in the former French colony and needed American investors who valued Soviet know-how in the emergent Third World. He said that he had a French grandfather; thus the name. He said he had a Jewish grandfather, thus he couldn't be anti-Semitic. He rushed around meeting Pierre Salinger and Melvin Belli. He declared he was an intimate friend of the poet Yevtushenko (Yevtushenko later vigorously denied it).

He got his three wishes in San Francisco. The genie was good to him. The American tradition of hospitality is a powerful one. I provided one of the sour notes of his visit by arguing with him about the situation of artists, Jews and political dissenters in his homeland.

LAST summer, the novelist Earl Shorris, with his teenage son Tony, visited at Victor's country house in Pere-delkino. He was once more demonstrating his tennis skills

showing his raised swimming pool, his outdoor toilet (built in the shape of a toy locomotive), serving Pimm's Cups and Cokes, caviar, Cuban cigars and brandy in the garden after dinner. On one side dwelled a high official of Tass; on the other, the general in charge of the Warsaw Pact forces. A couple of his children went off in the Land Rover with a servant. Another servant had served dinner, and Tony remembers the cute son who, of course, spoke English and called Jello "Wobbly." One of the other guests, Stanley Karnow, journalist, compared notes with him about China. Another visitor, a man from Time, Inc., drank heartily, had an amusing mishap involving a chair (no harm done) and seemed to be in a negotiating frame of mind.

Victor may not be the Soviet Champion of Suave, but even his shyness is ingratiating, and his brashness seems to have a foundation of secure unease. Mention of a certain northern area near the Arctic Circle called up the wistful comment: "That's where my prison camp was." From prisoner -- For treason? For black-marketing? He tells "different stories -- to translator of "My Fair Lady," and so many other documents makes him the Eliza Doolittle of Soviet capitalism. "He is testimony," says Karnow, "to the fact that Soviet bureaucracy is flexible. And also that a talented Russian can juggle the system to his own advantage."

That talented Russian seems to have been the first public Soviet visitor to Taiwan. In an article for The London Evening News he hinted that the U.S.S.R. was readying a surprise attack on China, possibly on the nuclear site of Lob Nor. He also said that Chinese underground radio stations indicated there were forces and leaders begging for Soviet intervention. If either supposition had been more than newspaper talk, an intercontinental guided missile, Victor Louis should surely have been subject to Soviet discipline as a dangerous monger of wars. The article seems to have been words, words, merest words, in the great tradition of trial balloons and menacing bluff. Victor Louis

heir to Chiang Kai-shek. The official Peking news agency described this reconnaissance visit in the nonfraternal words, "a despicable provocation against the Chinese people." But after these incidents, the mainland Chinese agreed to resume discussion with their paternal allies.

An article in a Danish newspaper summarized his week-long stay at the Hotel d'Angleterre in Copenhagen, in the company of an editor of Life and two staff men, with these laconic words: "They consumed a great deal of whisky."

This activity involves rapid upward mobility for a man who served as messenger boy for the New Zealand and Brazilian Embassies in Moscow just after World War II, then went away to prison for a decade, then appeared in the late fifties as a purveyor of avant-garde paintings to foreigners in Moscow, then merchandised interviews with Khrushchev and Vice President Humphrey, versions of American musicals, photograph albums from Soviet archives. At least it seems like upward mobility to an American; it may, in Soviet terms, be sideways advancement.

Finally, Smerdyakov, too, is a mystery. Neither Dostoyevsky nor generations of readers have been able to see into the deepest heart of the yearning doer of dirty work. He wants to be loved; he seeks power; he is the victim of deeper and colder men; he knows a loneliness which chills; he takes risks which only heroes take. The complicated multi-agent may be a puzzle and an enigma even to himself.

Being acquainted with Victor Louis, having been on the receiving end of the love-me look he shoots out in all directions, I cannot suggest that he is some kind of devil. Rather, he is an impish human being. He feels a genuine connoisseur's relish for the forbidden artists and artifacts he is exceptionally unforbidden to handle. In his heart of hearts, he must think himself at least a half-brother to the Americans he cultivates; otherwise, why would he

likes having good buddies. If

he married the girl, an attaché's red-haired nanny, Jennifer Stratham, and now has children by her -- half-English children who call Jello "Wobbly" -- he must think the English cute, too.

And he claims that French grandfather; surely he likes being a cosmopolite. When he asked the San Francisco lawyer to provide him with the tender favors of a Jewish Barbary Coaster, this desire came not of mere calculation of an interesting chapter in his travel book about America. As Plato says, "Every desire is a desire for something," and the desires of Victor Louis's covetous heart must be exceptionally complex on both the political and personal levels.

A man who is lascivious can't be all bad. A man who exposes himself so dramatically -- words, money and temper -- is still alive and vigorous amid the multiplying grayness of contemporary Moscow. He walks an exposed and dangerous high tightrope.

If the United States of America must have an adversary to the east, it's reassuring that the adversary is not a monolithic one. Weakness and greed, enthusiasm for goods and toys, a willingness to saw on the limb on which he sits make Victor Louis the kind of adversary we might learn to enjoy. He's also a homely friend, not merely an enemy. He really likes making contact. He is doing a job with enthusiasm. Amid all the passionate issues which separate us from the Soviet rulers, one of the matters which give hope for a reconciliation is this playful and erratic gaming. We may not understand Victor Louis any better than he himself does, but we can recognize him, smoke his Cuban cigars and use him as we are used by him. Many Americans are in friendly touch with useful Victor. In argument he is clever and cool, but when the argument is over he bears no grudge.

He is a confused soul with clear allegiances. He is a complicated person serving a rigid cause. Most likely he has new surprises in store for the growing fan club of Victorologists.

Anybody want to buy a used ikon? How about some

of Svetlana? Or a funny opinion about Solzhenitsyn or Sinyavsky?

Or a view of Chilean socialism?

Or maybe you'd like a travel guide to silk sheets in San Francisco?

Victor Evgenyevich Louis is one busy fellow. □

The man who sent Khrushchev's memoirs West

By PETER WORTHINGTON

Toronto, Canada.

Possibly the most interesting aspect of the strange appearance in the West of the alleged memoirs of Nikita Khrushchev is not the contents, but the nature of the man responsible for getting them here.

His name: Victor Louis, nominally the Moscow representative of the London Evening News. A Soviet citizen, he is widely believed to be a secret police (KGB) functionary. He is also that rarest of creatures in Russia: a capitalist, entrepreneur and millionaire.

It has been revealed that Victor Louis is the one who brought out Khrushchev's papers (which the old dictator, recuperating in hospital from heart trouble, has already denounced as fraudulent). There are few people in the Soviet Union who are more puzzling and provocative than Victor Louis—or Vitaly Yegenevich Lul, to give him his Russian name.

He is in his mid-30's and has been mixed up in so many nefarious deals that there is no longer much doubt—if there ever was any—that he is a KGB employee. In return for occasional edious, but rewarding, duties, Louis lives the life of a free enterpriser in Moscow.

Svetlana's remarks

He has a lavish icon-studded apartment, a country villa, swimming pool, several fancy foreign cars, import privileges, a London bank account and the freedom to travel abroad. Louis was the one who jumped into headlines three years ago when he tried to sell a pirated, KGB-approved manuscript of the memoirs of Stalin's daughter, Svetlana, complete with faked and embarrassing photos.

In her second book, "Only One Year," Svetlana has some wry remarks about Louis's activities against her—including interviews he allegedly had with her aunt, who had been dead for years.

Louis also sold NEC a filmed interview with Khrushchev in retirement a couple of years ago. Then he tried to peddle a Soviet film about Svetlana, in which her children denounced her as a traitor. NEC wouldn't go along with that one.

Louis also was accused of pushing the manuscript of Alexander Solzhenitsyn's Nobel prize novel, "Cancer Ward," in West Germany. He was accused of falsely presenting himself as Solzhenitsyn's agent. The scheme was interpreted as a

crude KGB attempt to frame Solzhenitsyn so he could be prosecuted for anti-Soviet activities.

Louis has served a number of mysterious functions for the KGB and the Foreign Ministry. He's made semi-official visits to such places as Spain and Formosa, where the U.S.S.R. has no diplomatic relations. He has also been on missions to Kuwait and Fiji, of all places.

He is well-known to Moscow's journalistic fraternity and to the Moscow diplomatic corps, whom he invites to bashes at his villa at Peredelkino, near where the late Boris Pasternak is buried. Canadian, British and American diplomats are under orders to have no truck with Victor Louis and to refuse all "social" invitations.

Fake interview with Solzhenitsyn

He circulated a defamatory "interview" of Solzhenitsyn, which was published in such a reputable paper as the Washington Star.

Such publications as the New York Times, Washington Post, Time, Newsweek, Manchester Guardian, London Times, Italy's Corriere Della Sera and Germany's Der Spiegel have all noted Louis's alleged links with Soviet intelligence.

In the early days, one of Louis's credentials for acceptance into the Western community of Moscow was the fact that he'd been in Stalin's (and later Khrushchev's) hard-labor camps. Louis claimed that he got 10 years "for associating with foreigners." But actually it was more like three years—for illicit currency transactions.

There are several Russians in the West who were in the camps with Louis. One of the more articulate was the late Professor Arcady Belinkov, who was with the Slavic Department of Yale University. He was a literary critic and author, and was a personal friend of Solzhenitsyn.

Belinkov recalled his contacts with Louis in Peshecheny camp in Northern Kazakhstan in the summer of 1954. Louis arrived and mixed with the intellectual elite among the prisoners—and promptly began informing on them to the authorities.

According to Belinkov, Solzhenitsyn based a chapter in his book, "The First Circle," on Louis. Belinkov said that Chapter 26, titled "The King of the Steel

Pigeons," is a composite portrayal of seven informers, the main one being Victor Louis.

Louis tried to contact Belinkov a couple of years ago through a third party. "Louis asked me through a friend not to write about Solzhenitsyn at all, and wanted me to persuade others not to write either, since it could harm Solzhenitsyn," said Belinkov.

"I considered this a provocation. In fact, the only guarantee of freedom for Solzhenitsyn is his world fame—I am quite sure that this is the only reason why the KGB hasn't taken care of him before this."

What's the reason behind the Khrushchev memoirs?

Victor Zorza, the Manchester Guardian's world-respected authority on Soviet affairs, has speculated that it is a ploy by the KGB's Department "D" (for Disinformation) to establish channels and to make use of the West's enormous publicity outlets. He suggests that through Louis, the KGB is acquiring know-how, making contacts and learning methods that may be of future use. It is, he suggests, "a dry run for some more ambitious psychological warfare operation."

This may or may not be the case. Certainly Western intelligence and security services are deeply suspicious and disapproving of Victor Louis's activities.

How has he survived?

Another valid possibility why the Khrushchev memoirs are being given to the West is that they may serve as a sort of distraction to the Nobel award to Alexander Solzhenitsyn. The theory is that public interest in Khrushchev, who is ineffectual now, will overshadow Solzhenitsyn, who wields considerable influence and prestige at home and abroad. Solzhenitsyn is a man of the moment.

But the biggest mystery is how Victor Louis has managed to survive so long and so effectively and why reputable Western agencies continue to deal with him, knowing who and what he is.

Khrushchev, compared with Victor Louis, is an open book and hardly mysterious at all.

Mr. Worthington is a correspondent for the Toronto Telegram. He formerly was that newspaper's correspondent in Moscow and he has also served in Washington.